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The Xavier Athenaeum



St. Xavier College

Cincinnati, Ohio

November, 1916

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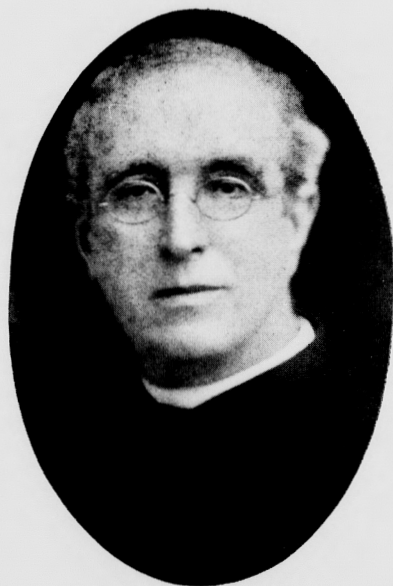
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Very Rev. A. J. Burroughs, S. J.

Provincial of the Missouri Province
of the
Society of Jesus

Seventeenth President of St. Xavier College
1893-1896

THE XAVIER ATHENAEUM

Vol. V.

CINCINNATI, OHIO, NOVEMBER, 1916.

No. 1.

The Passing of Whitcomb Riley.



ABOUT a year ago Indianapolis manifested in a municipal demonstration her love and appreciation for her "Hoosier Poet." Not only Indiana, but the whole country entered into the spirit of that celebration. It was a glorious occasion for Lockerbie Street, where the amiable, unassuming bard resided. It has been said that no American poet ever received such an ovation, such universal recognition during life of the genuine value of his work. "Jim" Riley was happy, the children were gleeful, Indiana rejoiced, and a nation was proud. But that day has passed and, alas, another has come. Lockerbie Street is sad, and thousands throughout the land partake of its sorrow. But heavier far, are the youthful hearts that gather there to play in the "cool, shady coverts of whispering trees." True, a sunny spirit shall ever linger and hover about the street that it loved. But "Jim" Riley is dead.

As a boy there was only one thing that distinguished Riley from the rest of the "fellers." He had as great an aversion to study as any lad that ever delighted in truancy. Many the time he risked the wrath of the schoolmaster by following the promptings of nature away to the haunts of happy boys instead of hieing himself to school. Hunting and fishing were wonderful sport, and he literally revelled in the "old swimmin' hole." But still he differed from his companions in one respect. He was a dreamer. It was with alarm that the elder Riley detected the fact, and with hearty disapproval endeavored to disabuse "Jim" of the pernicious habit. It was a distinct blow to the sire of a warm afternoon to come upon the lad leaning on his hoe in the potato patch, absorbed in the mellow lay of a feathered songster. No good would come of it, averred the father. But "Jim" was not made to be a farmer. He was born for other things.

"Knee Deep in June" strikes off to a nicety how the growing "Jimmy" was charmed by nature and explains why he was a dreamer.

"Plague! ef they ain't somepin' in
Work 'at kindo' goes ag'in'
My convictions!—'long about
Here in June especially!—" . . .
"Tumble round and souse yer head
In the clover bloom, er pull
Yer straw hat acrost yer eyes
And peek through it at the skies,
Thinkin' of old chums 'at's dead,
Maybe, smilin' back at you . . ."

Whatever literary success Riley may have attained is all the more remarkable in that he did not enjoy the advantages of a college training. But as he passed through the various occupations that led from sign-painter to "Hoosier Poet," he always applied himself vigorously. He has said: "There is virtually no such thing as genius or talent except through perseverance." He received the rudiments in the Little Red School-house. But he needed no medium of books for perfecting his education. Nature was his teacher. The little brook, where he angled; the daisied meadow, where he sported; the grass-floored orchard, where he lolled and did "nothin' else"; the tree-stump at the edge of the thicket, where he sat and watched the antics of the squirrels—all these were his preceptors. He learned also from the simple folk around him. He studied the life of the Hoosier, looked into his motives, interpreted his likes and dislikes, with sympathy born of love, and a bigness of heart that characterized Riley from his earliest years to his very death.

There is an old adage to the effect that the man, whom children despise, has no friends. If the converse holds true, it explains why Riley had so many friends. For he loved the little ones and the little ones loved him. There was that about him which always tended to make friends wherever he went, and to strengthen a friendship already contracted. But he is pre-eminently the children's friend and the children's poet. He was never happier than when in the midst of rollicking youngsters. He built up a child-world, of which, in spite of advancing years,

he was ever an inhabitant. With an appreciative pen he conjures up the

"Childish faith in fairies and Aladdin's magic ring,
The simple, soul-reposing, glad belief in everything,
When life was like a story, holding neither sob nor sigh."

But it were a limitation to say that Riley is merely the children's poet. He is more. He is the people's poet as well. He sang of the simple things of life, the home, the hearth, the little ones, the flowers, the birds and the brook. He sings of the people for the people. Others, notably Whitman, have set themselves up as the poets of the "democratic vista." Not so Riley. He claimed nothing for himself. His was an unconscious art, thoroughly Christian, and unhampered by any illogical phase of our modern philosophy. His poems are simple, quaint, whimsical, racy and humorous; his pathos, ever akin to tears, is real. His character delineation is true to life. There is no conscious effort at anything like grandiloquence, and the uneducated can read him with as much profit as the learned. His popularity testifies that he is a "poeta populi."

There are, however, some who find great fault with the Indiana poet. Still, we believe that Riley will never be deposed from the pedestal in the Bard's Hall that critics are preparing for him, because a certain number of hypercritical "authorities" declare reprovingly that Riley's work is too sentimental, that "such things as doubt, ugliness and sin have a scant place" in it. There might be some truth in the latter part of the objection. But if Riley preferred to look at the cheery side of things, to a partial neglect of the three dark angles of life, that does not detract from the worth of what he has given us. Besides real literature deals with what is most lovable and noble in life. But even as regards sentimentality, if there is only this in Riley, then sentimentality is all right. Riley's emotion is virile and founded on fact. And it is our opinion that his work will "take keer" of itself, and is far from needing defense. Incidentally though, the all-knowing critic quoted above lauds highly Robert Lee Master's depiction of "doubt, ugliness and sin." This alters our estimation of him somewhat as a judge. Moreover, he is one of a school which gluts over such imagist effusions as:

"In the daytime
The neighbor eats bread and onions with one hand
And copies music with the other."

Riley's dialect poems are read most. To write in provincial style of language and at the same time make a universal appeal to mankind requires genius. For such usage of language tends to circumscribe the application of the production. In Riley's case he has portrayed Hoosier life, and would, perhaps, have ended his portrayal with the boundaries of Indiana, had he been a poet of mediocre ability. But human nature is the same the world over, and the human element in dialect poetry, underlying the mere words used, makes it true of all men. Robert Burns' dialect poetry had that substratum of human element—that is his art. And time has attested to it. Whether Riley had that art, whether his work will live, is not ours to say dogmatically. Time will be the judge. We feel confident, however, that he will live; and we know, beloved Indiana bard, that though

"Other poets may soar above you—
You keep close to the human heart."

THOMAS A. GALLAGHER, '17.

James Whitcomb Riley.



F morns in June and children's tears,
Of sunlit roads and manhoods' fears,
Of flowers in bloom and maiden's love,
He sang,—then left us. Oh, above
Your paper, stay the pen awhile,
Harsh critics, for he made us smile.

J. PAUL SPAETH, '17.

The Ace.

(Awarded first prize in Short Story Contest.)

T was one of those rare and beautiful afternoons of Indian summer, which cause men to appreciate, and be duly thankful for their existence. The welcome sunshine served to temper the crispness of the October wind. It was, indeed, an ideal day for the annual exhibition of the French Aero School, and so thought the huge crowd which had gathered at the aviation field near Versailles. Today the gay and gallant French were to witness the contest for the beautiful gold badge, each year presented by the President of France to the most skillful airman. Many were the hearts eager to possess the prize, but it was generally believed that the real contest would be between two youths, Francois Brineau and his dearest friend, Pierre Souten.

This thought, also, was uppermost in the minds of the two young Frenchmen, as they sat in their hangar, awaiting the call to action.

"Pierre," said Francois, suddenly—for the frank, good-natured Francois was always impulsive and abrupt,—“Pierre, it is rumored the prize lies between us two. And oh, Pierre, you must do your best—for I, I shall fly today as no man has flown before.”

“But, Francois,” said Pierre, “what if it should happen that I surpass you? Tell me this, quickly, no matter what happens today our friendship shall remain unchanged, n’est-ce pas?”

“Ah, truly, truly,” and Francois smiled down on his eager, young comrade, “nothing can ever come between us, who have been friends so long. But I will tell you this—”

Before he could complete the sentence, the door of their hangar was opened and they were called forth for the contest. And what a contest it was!

All their rivals had already tried their skill and, although many marvelous feats had been accomplished, some little flaw had marred each one’s attempt. Now Francois and Pierre were to decide the supremacy for the coveted gold badge.

Like two birds rising from the earth, they ascended together, and the grim trial of skill was on. Francois seemed to

be a superhuman being, as, skillfully and adroitly, he accomplished remarkable feats in the air; he flew higher and higher until his aeroplane seemed about to pierce the sky; suddenly turning, he dropped precipitously toward the earth, like a plummet of lead. When it seemed as though he had lost his control over his machine, he suddenly righted himself, and with languid twists and curves began to loop-the-loop, flying with his head to the ground! How the people applauded!

"Le roi! The king! The king of the air," they shouted, again and again, and when Francois' slow but beautiful descent marked the end of a perfect flight, their enthusiasm knew no bounds. He alone, was their hero! The prize seemed to have been won by him.

But they had neglected to watch Pierre. He had lazily circled about while his friend and rival was performing his remarkable exploits, but after Francois' descent, he was galvanized into instant and wonderful action. Every feat that Francois had accomplished, was performed in an even more perfect manner; he ascended until his aeroplane became a mere speck in the heavens; he dropped towards the earth at a terrific rate; he flew with his head toward the ground; and then to cap his wonderful performance, like the finger of God writing across the sky, he traced the letters of the words: "Vive l' France! Long life to France!"

Then the spectators went mad with delight! Never had anyone seen or even dreamed of such wonderful flying. It was marvelous! It was incomprehensible!

"He has beaten the king," cried one man, "He has beaten the king! He is the Ace!" The crowd immediately took up the catchword, and cries and shouts for "the Ace" greeted Pierre as he returned to earth.

As can well be imagined, Pierre's joy was unrestrained when he received the beautiful prize from the President's own hands, and he resolved that, come what might, he would never part with his wonderful badge.

But what of Francois? True, he was disappointed because his own efforts had not met with success, but he would not allow his defeat to cloud the splendor of his friend's triumph. He was the first to congratulate him and, by right of conquest, bore him off to the hangar to express his happiness at his victory, over

and over again, and to recount with him all the events of that wonderful day.

And so passed the fourth day of October, in the year of Our Lord, nineteen hundred and thirteen.

* * * *

More than a year has gone by, and a new scene is before us. It is early December; the German battle-line extends for some distance along the provinces of eastern France; but a short distance away, lies the French line; the Germans are on the offensive, aggressive and ever watchful for the slightest opportunity to advance their line; the French, on the other hand, are defending their Fatherland against the invaders, they are desperate, dangerous, fighting with their backs to the wall. They have been driven back all along the battle-front, and are now making one final, desperate stand.

Foremost among the aviators in the French service is one Captain Francois Brineau; several times lately has he been mentioned for "conspicuous bravery," because of his daring exploits as an aerial scout. But his friend Pierre is nowhere to be seen, for Francois has just received the news that Pierre had been sent "under sealed orders" on a dangerous mission.

At the same time that Francois was reading the news of Pierre's departure, one Peter Brunem was receiving instructions from a German officer on the management of a Taube. He was quick to learn, and even his experienced instructor marvelled at his ability as an aeronaut. Who he was and whence he came was not known; indeed, an air of mystery seemed to surround him; but he was a capable and efficient flyer and gave satisfaction to his officers.

So matters stood in the rival camps when affairs were brought to a head by a forward movement on the part of the Germans. As part of the advance, the aviation corps was to reconnoitre the French lines and locate, if possible, the position of the French artillery.

It was while Peter Brunem was advancing to his work, that he suddenly heard a cry near him and, turning about, saw one of his fellow-aviators pointing upwards.

"It is he! It is he!" the fellow cried, pointing to an aeroplane, humming busily about in the air. "It is the wonderful Frenchman. He is the devil incarnate!"

"Who is he? What is his name?" quickly asked Peter. "Is he absolutely invincible?"

"Yea, my friend," replied his companion, "he is invincible. This man, Francois Brineau (the Devil of the Air, we call him), has overcome our best men. He will never be conquered."

"I would like to contest with him," said Peter, "I would like to contest with him, and I think,—I think I could conquer him."

"You are welcome to try it," said one of his officers, hearing his last words, "and if you bring him down, I doubt not that you will receive the precious iron cross. So, if you wish it, be on your way."

And with a confident and self-assured air, Peter Brunem was soon ascending to meet in deadly conflict the greatest of French aviators. But the ensuing battle had no fatal ending. Taube and Bleriot, exchanging a rain of bullets, manoeuvred for position. For some time, there was no advantage on either side, when, suddenly, there was a loud crack; a bullet from the Taube had crippled the Frenchman's engine; the most famous French aeronaut had been conquered by a youthful German and forced to make a hurried descent within the German lines.

What a world of praise was now Peter's! What congratulations and honors were showered upon him! To have captured the "Devil Frenchman"! To have accomplished the feat which they had been attempting for weeks! Oh, it was wonderful! It was marvelous!

* * * *

No sound save the steady tread of the sentries broke the silence of the German camp. In a tent near the center of the camp lay Captain Francois Brineau; motionless and quiet, he was, but not asleep—for his mind was harassed by distressing thoughts. Thoughts of his home and his parents,—thoughts of his comrades in arms, whom he would never see again,—thoughts of the fate that awaited him on the morrow, the ignominious fate of the spy. For Francois was certain that his doom was sealed. But he did not want to die—he was young—handsome, too—at the very height of his glory—it was not right,—there was no justice in it—he would not die. "Ah, mon Dieu," he sobbed aloud, "save me, save me; you can do all things." But the steady tread, tread, tread of the sentry guarding his prison-tent, like the march of Death, repeated over and over again: "You die, you die, a spy, a spy, you die." It drove Francois almost mad.

Suddenly, without any warning, the footsteps of the sentry ceased—a moment passed—and then, then the flap of his tent opened and Francois could dimly discern the head and shoulders of one, who beckoned to him:

“Come quickly,” he said. “Make no noise. The least sound will betray us.”

With hope in his heart, Francois crept out with his unknown guide and silently followed him, as he stealthily, yet confidently, made his way to the outskirts of the camp.

Luckily, they avoided a challenge from the sentinels, for Francois’ guide seemed to know the exact time and place for a speedy egress from the German lines. Even then, after making their way past the outposts, his guide would allow no word of thanks from Francois, but, pressing a note into his hand, bade him go speedily to the French lines. And Francois went.

* * * *

It was morning. In the French camp, Francois was conferring with his superior officers about the note which he held. Forgotten was his miraculous escape, in the wonder caused by the missive which he had brought with him. It read:

“At noon make general advance along the line; shell region directly opposite your station 45.” And it was signed with two words—two words which they knew well, but which they had never dreamed of reading here. The words were simply: “The Ace.”

* * * *

The morning passed. In the German camp the excitement caused by the prisoner’s escape was forgotten in the activity of preparing for a battle. Pit-of-the-line number seventeen, the eyes and heart and soul of the German battle array was the scene of incessant action. From this spot was directed every shot of the German guns, every movement of the German troops. If pit number seventeen were to be taken away, panic and demoralization would ensue. No longer directed from there by the field-telephones, the German army would cease to be a wonderful machine, and would become a mass of independent units.

At noon of that memorable day, a man, clad in an aviator’s uniform, might have been seen making his way along the passage that led to Pit Seventeen—might have been seen, but was not.

Within the pit the commanding officer was engaged in transmitting orders to his subordinates through the field-telephone.

Two privates, operators, were busily working at the switchboards.

"Hands up!" The three Germans wheeled suddenly—there in the doorway was Peter Brunem—and there in his hand was a wicked-looking, blue-steel something—a something that sent fear to the hearts of the three facing him.

Simultaneously the privates reached for their weapons,—there was a sharp crack, crack, as the automatic barked twice and the two privates had gone to meet their Maker.

There was wonder along the German front. At noon, the French began to advance; and, wonder of wonders, from Pit Seventeen had come the order to retreat.

The French gunners, under orders, began to shell the region opposite their station number forty-five. The rest of the French were advancing, yea, putting to rout the demoralized Germans. The order from Pit Seventeen to retreat was the death-blow,—the Germans were in a panic!

In Pit Seventeen Peter Brunem was holding at bay the German commanding officer. He could hear the shells falling nearby as the French gunners were finding the range. Suddenly there was a shock—an explosion—a cloud of dust—darkness—yea, death for the two in Pit Seventeen. The heart of the German line was broken.

When the French advanced and found the bodies in the ruins of Pit Seventeen, they discovered a German General by the side of a German aviator. And in the aviator's hand was a gold badge, with the words "Vive l' France" on it.

Thus died, not Peter Brunem, a German, but Pierre Souten, "The Ace."

JOSEPH F. MCCARTHY, '18.



The Railway Crisis.



THE chief issue at stake in the recent railway crisis was, apparently, the granting of an eight-hour workday to the railway trainmen. Under existing laws these men could be kept in service not more than sixteen hours out of twenty-four, but overtime began at the expiration of ten hours in most classes of train service.

The demand for the eight-hour concession was originally intended, it would seem, to be of benefit principally to the yard and freight trainmen, but this original intention was lost sight of to a greater or less extent in the course of events leading up to the climax in September just past.

Although the possibility of a general strike was rumored more than a year ago, and despite the positive threat to strike which was published early in 1916, the general public did not seem to take the matter seriously until the latter part of the summer. During the intervening months, there was no sign on the part of the trainmen of a retreat from the stand they had taken, and no indication on the part of the railway managers to meet the demands even half-way.

The trainmen insisted that their principal demand was for an eight-hour workday, a condition which has been established in various other branches of industry in this country. The railway managers, however, claimed that the eight-hour day could not be considered as an entirely independent issue, that is, an issue which involved nothing more than the shortening of the working time of the employees. They stated that the mere shortening of the workday, even without an actual increase in the rates of pay to the trainmen, would burden them with an enormous additional expense, an expense which existing revenues would not enable them to meet.

The chief cause of this added expense, as given by the railways in opposing the eight-hour day, was the impossibility of freight trains completing the trips between termini in eight hours. In order to make this possible, one of two things would have to be done, they declared: first, the trains would have to carry fewer cars so that higher speed might be attained; or, second, the distance between termini would have to be shortened.

The first provision—for the carrying of fewer cars per train—would mean that two crews and two engines would have to be used in handling the same amount of freight that is now handled by one crew with one engine—an arrangement that would certainly increase the operating expense of the roads.

The second provision—for the shortening of distances between termini—would involve a very large outlay of money and innumerable handicaps to the efficient handling of trains. Termini are located naturally at industrial centers and junctions of several railways, and these points are by no means always within eight hours traveling distance of each other, as freight trains are run.

Now these difficulties do not prove absolutely the impracticability of an eight-hour day in connection with the railway train service, inasmuch as the railway companies might have adopted one means or the other for meeting the situation, regardless of financial losses. Nevertheless, they deserve serious consideration and should not be lost sight of in reviewing the events that followed the calling of the strike.

One way out of the difficulty, however, lay open from the very beginning, viz., the concession of an eight-hour day with provision for allowing work overtime at a higher rate of pay. This is precisely the proposal that was made by President Wilson on August 14th, when he conferred with representatives of the railways and railway brotherhoods. His proposal included time-and-a-half for overtime.

The railroads had insisted from the beginning of the controversy that such an arrangement was the ultimate aim of the unions, and that the granting of an eight-hour day meant nothing more or less than a direct increase in the wages of all the trainmen. They figured the actual increase in one day's wages to a man working sixteen hours under the proposed schedule at $87\frac{1}{2}$ per cent of his present pay for overtime.

The brotherhoods, in fact, did not deny that their demands would involve a wage increase. In the May issue of the "Railroad Trainmen," a paper published by the Trainmen's Brotherhood, it was stated that "railroad employes have not demanded a straight eight-hour day with the absolute refusal of service after it has been given; they did demand the eight-hour day as the normal or basic day and said if the railroads wanted them to

work longer, the railroads should pay the extra rate for the service given." The brotherhoods insisted, however, that the increase in pay was only a consequent issue to that of the eight-hour workday.

The railway managers declared that such increases in wages could not be given without an increase in the rates chargeable for transportation of freight and passengers. Assurance that such increases would be allowed them, if necessary, was given to the railroad heads by President Wilson in a final effort to avert the strike on August 24th.

The personal efforts of the President were futile. The railway chiefs declared that every point in the dispute must be submitted to arbitration. The President replied that public opinion seemed to favor the establishing of the eight-hour day and that this principle could not be arbitrated. The brotherhoods accepted the President's proposal, and apparently the outcome of the situation depended on the action of the railways.

The day set for the strike was Labor Day, September 4th. To all outward appearances, the railways were prepared for a strike. By Saturday night, September 2nd, embargoes on freight were in effect on most of the lines and tickets were being sold to travelers only on condition that they be able to reach their destinations before the following Monday morning. For about forty-eight hours it seemed that the railways were going to force a strike upon the trainmen even though the latter were willing to retract some of their demands.

By midnight of Saturday, the so-called Adamson "Eight-Hour Law" had passed both houses of Congress and legally, at least, the possibility of a general railroad strike was gone. News that the strike order had been recalled was flashed over the whole country before Sunday night, and Labor Day dawned with the industrial life of the nation at peace.

The Adamson law was designed primarily to avert a strike. It provides that those railway employes "actually engaged in any capacity in the operation of trains used for the transportation of persons or property" shall have a standard working-day of eight hours; that they shall receive for eight hours' work what they now receive for ten; it provides that work performed after the expiration of eight hours shall be paid for at a rate "not less than the pro rata for such standard eight-hour workday." The

law implies that there shall be no strike of trainmen nor any action on the part of the railways concerning the readjustment of wages until a federal commission has investigated the increased cost of operating the roads under the new schedules and has reported its findings to Congress.

There are many points in the law that are not fully understood as yet. It is not known if the eight-hour day is to be extended to trackmen, telegraph operators, bill clerks and others, engaged "in any capacity in the operation of trains"; nor is it quite clear how the eight-hour principle is to work out in connection with the existing sixteen-hour law and the various agreements between the railways and the brotherhoods relative to wage and overtime schedules. The constitutionality of the law has also been questioned, but has been vigorously defended.

The Adamson law, however, has accomplished its primary purpose: the threatened strike has not occurred. And, if the eight-hour working-day was really the aim of the railway workers, the Adamson law is in their favor, inasmuch as it places a penalty upon the railroads for working trainmen beyond the eight-hour limit. Whether or not the railways can meet the increased cost, the investigations of the federal commission must determine. What effect the precedent established by the passage of such an anti-strike law will have on the industrial life of the nation, time alone can tell.

J. PAUL SPAETH, '17.

To Dr. J. J. Walsh,

on reading his

"Thirteenth, Greatest of Centuries."



S light doth search the brilliant
To win a gleam divine;
As stones from sumptuous droopers
Slow bring the genial wine;
The outer dark he pierced, and made
The inner brightness mine.

JOSEPH A. WELPLY, '18.

My Neighbor's Scrap-Book.

(Awarded second prize in Short Story Contest.)



Y neighbor is an old man, a very old man, while I am scarcely more than a boy; but we have spent many a pleasant evening together in the past, and I sincerely hope that the future will have as many more in store for us.

Last night he showed me his library. It certainly is a splendid collection of books. There are histories, biographies and novels of every variety and kind. He says that there are several thousand dollars worth of reading matter stored here.

When we had seated ourselves before the cheerful grate fire, I asked which was his favorite among so many fine books. For some time he was silent while he gazed vacantly into the depths of the ruddy fire as if he had conjured there, the shadow of the great fleeting past. Then he arose, took a large leather-covered volume from one of the shelves, and handed it to me.

I glanced at the first page. It contained nothing but an indescribable mess of clippings and scribbings which were pasted or written on the blank sheet without any show of neatness or order. Some were upside down; some sideways; only a few straight. The newspaper extracts had all been carelessly torn out with the most jagged edges imaginable. And the writing was even worse, being hastily done in ink or pencil, running up-hill and down, extending now under a clipping, now over one, now on one side, now on the other, now all the way around. Sometimes it was large, sometimes it was small, but generally written in a strange code which I could not read. If all the forces of a great cyclone had been expended in disarranging that one page, it could have done no worse. Such was my neighbor's scrap-book.

"All these other works," the old man reflected, "have been written about men whom I do not even know. But this is my own story, the record of incidents which I myself have experienced; the only history of the little world in which I have passed my life."

He took the book and pointed to one of the newspaper extracts which looked something like this:

NOTORIOUS CRIMINAL DEAL.

'PIOUS PETE' PASSES AWAY IN CHURCH.
HEART FAILURE ASSIGNED AS CAUSE.

<p>Danville, Sept. 12.—"Pious Pete," notorious criminal, was found dying in the Catholic church today. He had robbed the collection box which was littered with</p>	<p>but the doctors who were called and pronounced him dead say that heart trouble was the only cause. Fr. Ohera, who heard the dying</p>
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"That, for instance," he continued, "is all the great work-a-day public ever knew of one of the most remarkable criminal cases in the police records of this city. But to me it suggests a most remarkable story."

"Back in '69 when I became assistant detective chief on the force, my boss was a mean, disagreeable, hard-hearted man named Coby. In addition to his sullen disposition he was a confirmed atheist. I dare say it was this very lack of religion that made his character what it was. It led to many a bitter argument between us, for I could never stand by and listen to anyone sneer at my religion. And yet, there was something about Jim Coby that made me look upon him as a friend. At least this much is sure, though, he was a wonderful detective. This is why he was detailed to run down 'Pious Pete.'

"The latter was about the most abominable criminal that ever came under my observation. The fact is, he made a specialty of what might be called 'church breaking.' He would sneak into some out-of-the-way church, break open any collection boxes he could find, and pocket the few pennies that had been set aside for the poor.

"It was a mean, detestable practice even for a thief, but it was fairly safe too, and grew alarmingly extensive. For ourselves, we were satisfied as to the identity of the perpetrator, but it seemed impossible to obtain any convicting evidence against him until Coby began to trail 'Pious Peter.' I knew then that the game was up, and it was only a question of time.

"Finally, one Saturday afternoon, the detective chief returned beaming with satisfaction.

"'It's all fixed,' he announced, 'there's a job on for Monday afternoon, and I'll have him in jail before night as sure as two and two are four.'

"Accordingly, I complimented him and confidently waited.

"But Monday afternoon came and went without any report from the detective. Still I was sure he had succeeded, till a rumor was circulated that made me doubt. It was said that a man had been found dead in one of the suburban churches—the same that 'Pious Pete' had intended to rob. Could it be he?

"Yes, it was. An investigation quickly brought the facts to light. The priest's house-keeper had found him dying in the church. He had evidently been in the act of robbing the collection box when something prevented him from continuing his work and caused his death. But what it could have been was a mystery. He bore absolutely no marks of external violence. The priest had been summoned and heard his confession. A few minutes later the doctor arrived and pronounced him dead. Heart failure, he said, was the apparent cause. It seemed almost as if the avenging hand of Divine Providence had at last reached down and smitten the man.

"But what had become of Coby? Nothing had been seen of him. Could he have been thrown off the scent? No, in that case he would have come back and reported anyway. Was it possible, then, that 'Pious Pete' had discovered he was a detective, and done away with him? This was of course most improbable, and yet I feared it might be true.

"Some time later, another strange rumor reached our ears. A man, said to be detective chief Coby, had been found Saturday at midnight, pacing wildly up and down Main Street. He had been taken to the City Hospital, where it was announced, he was suffering from a severe mental shock. But here again there were no signs of external injury.

"I went immediately to the hospital, but I was not allowed to see the patient. He was resting, so I would have to wait; and wait I did in the greatest impatience for several hours. Finally an attendant announced that he was awake and had asked for me.

"I hastened to his room, but at the door I stopped short. There, partly propped up in bed, sat Jim Coby, but a startling change had come over him since Saturday. That rugged, hearty appearance, that strong, fearless expression, that proud, self-sufficient manner, all had vanished. He was pale and fearful.

"He tried to smile as I entered, but it was such a pitiful smile that it made me shudder.

"'For heaven's sake, Jim,' I entreated, 'what has happened to you.'

"His reply comprised only three words, but nothing could have startled me more.

"Great, merciful God!" he gasped.

"His sincerity was not to be doubted. In some mysterious manner the atheist had found his God. I reached out my hand with joyful enthusiasm, and he took it in his two.

"You are surprised to hear me talk thus," he solemnly continued, 'but good heavens, man, it was like watching the damned being dragged back out of hell!'

"He stopped short, hesitated, grew a little more calm, and proceeded.

"I went to that church early Monday afternoon, hid in one of the confession boxes, and waited for my victim. It was surely a novel experience for me. As long as I can remember, I'd never been in a church before. Still I wouldn't have minded it a bit except for an apparent trick of my imagination.

"The poor-box was way up in front, and just beyond it there was a beautiful, life-sized painting of her whom you call the Mother of God. There was something remarkable about that picture. The woman looked out at me with such sad beseeching eyes, such wonderful tender, loving, motherly expression, that even my hardened heart was moved to a corresponding love, a corresponding sadness, a corresponding longing. I tried to keep my mind on my business, but in vain. Those wonderful sad eyes were ever upon me, searching the depths of my heart and reading my very thoughts.

"I persevered for a long time, but it was an awful feeling, and I was about to throw up the whole job, when I heard a creaking at the outer door.

"The next moment the second door opened, and there, not ten feet from where I sat in hiding, was the unsuspecting 'Pious Pete.' He hesitated for a few seconds and looked around. Apparently convinced that he was alone, he hurried up to the little collection-box, wrenched it open, and had actually begun to remove the contents, when the proceeding was suddenly arrested.

"It was the picture. As his eyes accidentally happened to rest upon it, they were met with that same loving, yet sad, accusing regard which had inspired me with such unaccountable terror. But the effect in his case was much more remarkable.

"As I live, man, that heartless wretch withered before those eyes. For a minute he stared up at her in startled, half

questioning recognition. Suddenly he began to shake with violent emotion; the collection-box slipped from his hands, and he turned deathly pale. His whole expression was one of fear,—deep, emotional, heart-rending fear,—fear such as I have never seen in any human countenance before. I have seen men hanged; I have seen men drowned; I have seen men shot and killed in war: I have gazed upon these things almost without emotion; but the sight of the wretch before me brought cold beads of sweat to my forehead and paralyzed me with horror. Now remorse was gnawing terribly at his heart. More and more intense grew his sufferings until it seemed almost as if I were watching a mere man enduring the torments of the damned. But strangely mingled with these awful emotions was that same love, that same longing which I had experienced, only it was many times greater.

“‘Finally, when he could bear it no longer, he fell upon his knees, gasping: ‘My God! My God!’

“‘Never will I forget that cry. It was at the same time a cry of horror, a cry of dread, a cry of repentance, a cry of love, a cry of hope.

“‘Such anguish did it arouse within me, that I would gladly have given my all to be away from that place, but, as if some hidden force held me there, I seemed powerless to move.

“‘The evening had been falling fast, but even in the semi-darkness that enveloped the interior of the church, I thought I saw something which made my hair stand on end. By all that is holy, I’ll swear, that picture began to move. The very wall seemed to shrink back, and there, still motionless but in bold relief, stood the image of the woman who had before been merely painted on the flat surface of the wall. And then, just as the sun burst forth from behind a dark bank of clouds, that strange mask of sadness was dispelled from the virgin’s countenance, and in its stead a radiant sunshine of happiness beamed forth. The figure extended its arms, rushed forward to the wretched penitent, clasped him to her bosom and in a voice of indescribable sweetness cried:

“‘God be praised! I knew you would return to me, my poor boy!’

“‘Do you wonder that I waited to hear no more? I rushed from the place half mad. Where I went, I can not tell. I remember no more from then till now.’

"The detective looked up at me with almost childlike expectation while I tried to decide upon a plan of action. Of course, the first thing to do was to see that picture. I said as much to him and reached for my hat.

"Don't leave me! Please don't leave me!" he begged.

"But Jim," I explained, "can't you see it's my duty, man?"

"He argued no longer, but calling the nurse, demanded his clothes. We remonstrated with him for a long time, but he finally won his point through an acquaintance with the superintendent, and when I started on my tour of investigation, Coby accompanied me.

"We went straight to the church. The only remarkable feature about it was that to one side of the altar where we would expect a statue of some kind, there was, instead, a magnificent, life-sized painting of the Blessed Virgin. And somehow, it differed from any picture of her I had ever seen. Such deep, touching sadness lurked in her eyes, I could imagine she had just met her Son on that awful journey to Calvary. There were many other odd features about it, too. I observed that it had evidently been painted on the solid wall, reaching clear to the floor, while a rough wooden frame surrounded it and set it off. But on the whole, it had all the appearances of a masterpiece.

"I next paid the parish priest a visit in order to learn anything he might know about the wonderful painting. He was a venerable old man who received us with much kindness and seemed anxious to help us in any way he could. When I praised the painting, his eyes lit up with pride.

"I did it myself," he said, "many years ago. When I first came to the parish, the people were too poor to buy any statues for the church. I promised them at least a likeness of the Blessed Mother; but I was even poorer than they, and for a long time I was troubled because I could find no means of redeeming my promise.

"One day, as I was preaching a sermon, I was much impressed by the piety of my good house-keeper, who occupied one of the front pews. So intense was the motherly love in her countenance and so closely did she seem to resemble our conception of the Blessed Virgin that I was inspired to paint the picture of the mother of God from this living likeness.

"It was a success. My people were delighted with it, and although they have since been blest with better fortune and

have furnished the church with many costly statues, they still value that picture more than all of these!

"I asked something about the house-keeper in a final hope of finding a solution to the picture's sudden animation.

"'She is still my house-keeper,' he replied, 'and a more saintly person I never knew. But there has been a strange cloud of sadness hovering over her life all these years. She told me once that she had a great sorrow, but she refused to explain its nature. At another time she begged me to pray for her intention, saying she was sure the Lord would not refuse anything I might ask Him. And so I have for years; but nothing ever came of it till yesterday.

"'About half-past five last evening, she said that she felt a compelling desire to visit the church to pray. With this purpose she left, but in a few minutes she returned in the greatest excitement.

"'Thank God, father!' she cried, 'our prayers have been heard! He is here at last! Come quick!'

"'I hastily followed her back to the church. Here a strange sight met my eyes. The collection-box had been broken open and thrown on the floor; the pennies were scattered all about, and there, half lying, half kneeling on the sanctuary steps, before my beloved painting, was a poor tramp. One glance sufficed to convince me that the man was dying and I wasted no time in hearing his confession. A few minutes afterwards he was called to the seat of eternal judgment.

"'When I had said a few prayers, I turned to my house-keeper and asked who the dead man might be.

"'Father,' she answered simply, 'he is my son.'

"The venerable priest's story brought tears to my eyes, and as I looked at Coby I saw that it had done the same for him. For some time we sat together in silence. When I arose to leave, Coby kept his seat.

"'Father,' I said, 'my friend would like to see you alone.'

"The detective chief solemnly nodded affirmation, and I retired with a lighter heart.

"At last I felt sure I held the key to the mystery and I was anxious to fit it in the lock. Accordingly, I re-entered the church and approached the priest's painting. First I felt the frame: it was solid. Then I laid my hand upon the picture itself: it seemed to shrink back from my touch. But I continued

to push, and my effort was rewarded. For the picture swung clear back. The truth was, it formed a small door.

"Everything seemed very simple now. The thief had been startled at the sight of his own mother's picture in the church he was about to rob. Then, as she entered and the portrait was replaced by the true, living model, the shock proved too much for a man afflicted with heart trouble.

"Yes, it was all very natural, but who can say it was not the work of Divine Providence?"

When my neighbor had finished his story, it was quite late and the fire had burned very low. Still I gazed into its depths, entranced with dreams till the clock rudely struck eleven and broke the spell. But before I left, he promised to tell me other stories from that curious scrap-book of his, and when he does, you are all invited to attend.

GORDON GUTTING, '18.

Autumn.

A Villanelle.



HE Autumn days are on the wane,
The dreary days are fleeting past,
King Winter soon shall claim his reign.

In woodland dell and country lane,
The leaves are scattered deep and vast,
The Autumn days are on the wane.

The chilling winds with mournful strain,
On earth have desolation cast,
King Winter soon shall claim his reign.

The skies beholding earth's grim train,
Weep darkly o'er a happy Past,
The Autumn days are on the wane.

Oh bitter thought! It gives me pain.
This desolation cannot last,
King Winter soon shall claim his reign.

The God of Autumn shall be slain,
His dust be strewn by wintry blast,
The Autumn days are on the wane,
King Winter soon shall claim his reign.

HAROLD A. THORBURN, '19.

Rev. John J. Coghlan, S. J.

Thirteenth President of St. Xavier College, 1880-1884.

John Coghlan was born at Templebraden, County Limerick, Ireland, April 21, 1829. Coming to America at the age of nineteen, he studied at St. Louis University, entered the Society of Jesus in 1852 and was ordained priest ten years later. From then up to 1893, with two brief interruptions, the first while pastor at St. Marys, Kansas, the other while president of St. Xavier, he was occupied as a missionary. The last years of his life were spent at St. Louis, where he died August 7, 1897.



Rev. Henry Moeller, S. J.

Fourteenth President of St. Xavier College, 1884-1885.

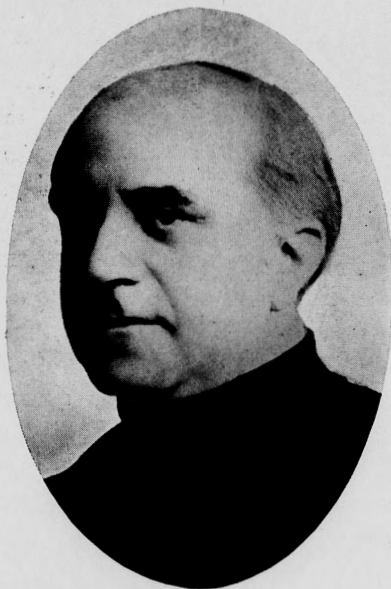


Rev. Henry Moeller was the first alumnus of St. Xavier to enjoy the distinction of becoming its president. He was born in Covington, January 5, 1847, and entered the Society of Jesus shortly after his graduation in 1866. His marked versatility of genius manifested itself in the success with which he held the various important positions of Professor, Missionary, Rector, Provincial and Instructor of Tertian Fathers. He held the last named office until just a few months before his death, which took place at Detroit, December 20, 1915.

Rev. Henry Schaapman, S. J.

Sixteenth President of St. Xavier College, 1887-1893.

Born in Holland, October 31, 1838, Henry Schaapman came to America at an early age with his parents. He studied at St. Louis University and entered the Jesuit Novitiate at Florissant, Missouri, at the age of sixteen. After a term as Vice-President of St. Louis University, following closely upon his ordination, he came to Cincinnati as President. Later he held the same position at Detroit. Following his term of office there he spent seven years at St. Marys, Kansas, and then returned to Detroit, where he died March 19, 1915.



Rev. Michael J. O'Connor, S. J.

Eighteenth President of St. Xavier College, 1896-1900.



Fr. Michael O'Connor is a native of Chicago, where he attended St. Ignatius College. He entered the Society of Jesus August 2, 1877. After leaving Cincinnati, Father O'Connor was for several years Vice-President of Creighton University, Omaha. Later he was Associate Editor of "America," the Catholic weekly, and Treasurer of that publication. At present he is Pastor of St. Francis Xavier Church, St. Louis, Missouri.

St. Xavier During the 70's and 80's.



FROM July 31, 1871, to October 1, 1874, the destinies of St. Xavier were guided by Rev. Leopold Bushart, S. J. We can readily conclude that the college was amply equipped to satisfy the needs of the students at that time. For we can find no other such period in this busy man's life that was not marked by extensive improvements originated under his authority or carried on under his direction. The Jesuit Novitiate at Florissant, Marquette University at Milwaukee, St. Louis University, the Jesuit villas at Buelah and Waupaca, Wisconsin, all show fruits of his constructive genius. St. Xavier, however, was not to profit by his ability in this respect until he returned as Treasurer of the College, in 1890, and superintended the large addition which now constitutes the college building proper.

Fr. Bushart was, like his predecessor, Rev. Thomas O'Neil, called from the rectorship of St. Xavier to the presidency of St. Louis University. He was succeeded by Rev. Edward A. Higgins.

St. Xavier was destined to play a prominent part in the life of Fr. Higgins. It was here that he began his teaching career as a Jesuit. It was here that he had the most unusual distinction of being appointed President for the second time after an interval of several years. And it was here that, at his own request, he returned to die. Mr. Higgins first came to St. Xavier as a young scholastic in 1858. This was during the decline that followed the closing of the boarding school, and the zealous efforts of the young Prefect of Discipline did much to bridge the difficulties of that trying period. After his course in Philosophy, he returned to Cincinnati during the Civil War. Both the North and the South had ardent supporters among the students, and the slightest indication of sympathy towards one or the other on the part of the professors, would have been fatal. Mr. Higgins' firm character, his kindness and remarkable self-control, however, won the esteem and respect of all alike. During his terms as President, St. Xavier Church profited no less by his characteristic zeal for the beauty of the House of the Lord, and for fostering church music of a high order, than did the cause of religion in general by the depth and solidity of his sermons and lectures.

Like so many of St. Xavier's presidents, who were summoned to St. Louis either to take up the presidency of the University or assume the office of Provincial, Fr. Higgins was, in 1879, appointed Provincial of the Missouri Province. He was succeeded on August 15, by Rev. R. J. Meyer.

Cincinnati was but one of the many places in which Fr. Meyer held authority in the course of his long career as Superior. While the College did not enjoy such large attendance during his regime as during the years immediately preceding and following it, this, no doubt, was amply compensated for by the prestige gained for it as a result of his numerous articles on important religious questions. These were published in the Cincinnati newspapers and the leading Catholic magazines. On July 31, 1880, Fr. Meyer, who had been appointed Rector of St. Louis University, was succeeded by Rev. John J. Coghlan.

Our sketch of the College must divert again to another sad chapter in the history of St. Xavier Church. On Holy Thursday night, April 6, 1882, after the Blessed Sacrament had been removed from the Repository, all the doors were locked and the lights extinguished. The Brother Sacristan retired shortly before midnight. His room was located above the sacristy and had a window opening into the sanctuary. At about a quarter to one he awoke to find his room filled with smoke and a light shining through the window. Arousing the janitor, he sent him to turn in the alarm and then called a priest to remove the Blessed Sacrament. While the firemen were fighting the blaze around the main altar, the sacred vessels, vestments, books and other valuables were removed. When it was thought that the fire had been extinguished, the crackling of flames was heard over the altar, and it was found that the roof was burning. Scarcely had the firemen left the building, when the roof gave way and the whole church became a mass of flame. The fire rose up through the tower and the heat became so intense that the four bells were melted and the liquid metal dripped to the ground. When the fire was finally extinguished, nothing was left but the bare walls and the columns that had supported the roof. Of the \$90,000 damage but \$20,000 was covered by insurance.

That Good Friday was a gloomy one for the college and for the parish. It is related that the good people, missing the usual Good Friday services, crowded around the ruins and observing

the cross that had fallen from the steeple, lying in the gutter, knelt down on the sidewalk and adored it in the pouring rain.

The disaster was a heavy blow to the Rector and the Pastor. The work of reconstruction, however, was set about with energy. On Easter Sunday a meeting of the more prominent parishioners was held and more than \$20,000 were subscribed by those present. Fr. Driscoll, the Pastor, was appointed to chose a special committee and a few days later selected Messrs. Patrick Poland, Gustave Bouscaren, Clement Oskamp, Matthew Ryan, Michael Walsh and John Rossiter. Subscriptions ranging from 25 cents to \$8,000 came in generously. Help came from Bishop and Clergy, from the various religious orders, from the parish and from other parts of the city and state, and even from outside the state. The Alumni of the college were not idle. A dramatic entertainment given by them on two successive evenings for the benefit of the new church netted eighteen hundred dollars. The contributions of Catholics were, no doubt, stimulated by the suspicion that the church had been set on fire at the instigation of a secret society whose weekly meetings had been recently exposed in the Catholic Telegraph. This, however, did not prevent donations from non-Catholics. For the names of Protestants and infidels were found among the contributors. By the end of June nearly \$60,000 had been gathered.

The work of reconstruction was begun on Easter Monday, and went on apace. In less than a year the new church was ready for services. The old edifice was destroyed on Good Friday; the people were worshipping in the new on Palm Sunday of the following year. The formal dedication, however, did not take place until Ascension Day, May 3, 1883.

The close proximity of the college to the Court House must have made the nights of March 29, 30 and 31, 1884, exciting ones for the Faculty. The verdict "Guilty of manslaughter," rendered in the case of William Berner, on trial for murder in the first degree, had aroused the populace to a high pitch of resentment. During the night of Saturday, March 29, a mob attacked the city jail with the purpose of securing Berner and, if possible, other murderers detained there. The rioters were repulsed, but not until several had been killed and a number wounded. Great excitement prevailed throughout the city. The mob moved restlessly up and down the streets and the greatest anxiety was felt as to what it would attempt next. During the following

night the worst anticipations were realized. The diary of the college for March 30, has the following brief but graphic account of it:

"An awful state of things prevailed last night in Cincinnati, far outdoing the horrors of the preceding night. The Court House was almost entirely destroyed by fire; the records of the county for more than a hundred years and other valuable papers and books were nearly all burned, many of them being purposely thrown into the flames by the mob. The municipal authorities were unable to arrest the progress of the mob, and the aid of the state was invoked; the entire Ohio militia was ordered here. Terrible carnage and slaughter took place on the streets. Some fifty persons have been killed and about a hundred and twenty-five wounded since the trouble began. The prisoners in the jail are still safe. Numbers of strangers are pouring into the city. A few shots were heard during the day. There are appearances of great trouble again tonight, but the authorities are ready for the mob. The regular troops of the state will be at their post. God grant that there be no more blood shed and that we have seen the worst."

The prayer expressed in the last sentence was heard. The next night was comparatively quiet; the city was under martial law. Captain Desmond, one of the heroic victims of the affair was a former student of the college. If the members of the faculty did realize how near they were to danger at the time, they did so the following summer. The gutters and drain pipes from the roof were giving trouble and a workman was sent up to investigate the cause. He returned with a large quantity of leaden bullets that had clogged up the drains.

On July 31, 1884, Rev. Henry Moeller succeeded Father Coghlan as Rector of the college. Fr. Moeller was another stalwart worker in the Missouri Province whose monument will be found in the many additions and improvements he made, as Superior, to the various houses and colleges of the Society of Jesus in the Middle-West. To him truly may be applied the words of Cicero, "*Arbores seret diligens agricola, quarum aspiciet baccam ipse nunquam.*" It was ever his to originate and build; others reaped the benefits. The fruits of what was perhaps his most devoted work will last longest in the zealous efforts of the numerous priests who were blessed with his teaching and example during the eighteen years that he was Instructor of Tertian Fathers.

Father Moeller's memory is perpetuated at St. Xavier by the portion of the college buildings and the hall which bears his name. He was still comparatively a young man and the recollection of the fire in the church and the strenuous work of rebuilding was still fresh, when on April 7, 1885, he began work on the large addition at the rear of the Faculty Building. The new structure was made to conform in architecture to the Hill Building. It extended seventy-six feet along Seventh Street and was forty feet in width. It contained a number of class rooms, a large study hall, now the house library, and an exhibition hall, with an amply equipped stage, that served for many years for all college entertainments. A few months later a house and lot adjoining the parochial school on Sycamore Street were purchased. It had been found that, despite a large addition to the school, it was still inadequate for the increasing number of pupils. This house was used for school purposes for a number of years. The present spacious school covers the site of the old building as well as of this addition.

But Father Moeller's energies were needed in a wider and a more important field. After but a year and a half at St. Xavier, he was, on Christmas day, 1885, installed as President of St. Louis University. There he supervised the construction of the magnificent college and faculty buildings of the university and superintended its transfer from its old quarters in the heart of the business district to its new habitation on Grand Avenue. After his departure from St. Xavier, Father Higgins began his second term as Rector.

It will be interesting to readers of the Athenaeum to know that as early as 1887 the students published a college paper. During April of that year the first number of "The Collegian" appeared. It was a monthly publication, edited by the Poetry Class. The editorial page announced the following staff: Editor in Chief, J. B. Brennan; Associate Editors, Messrs. Emerson, Cloud, Lohman; Business Managers, Messrs. Esterman, Phelan and Dittrich. Five numbers appeared, and then, without any note of official warning, the paper ceased publication.

During Father Higgins' second term, took place his famous refutation of Henry George's socialistic theory of so-called "land reform." His lecture, "The Philosophy of the Land Question," first given in the College Hall, was repeated by request at the Odeon and was given greater prominence by the presence in the

audience of Rev. Dr. McGlynn, a suspended priest, known as "The Clerical Lieutenant of Henry George." The daily papers gave lengthy extracts from the lecture and generally regarded it as a decisive refutation.

On August 4, 1887, Fr. Higgins was transferred to the presidency of St. Ignatius College, Chicago. He was succeeded by Rev. Henry Schaapman. The celebration of St. Xavier's Golden Jubilee and other subsequent events of her history up to the present time will be reserved to another chapter.

ALUMNUS.

To My Guardian Angel.

A Villanelle.



ANGEL dear with me abide,
The shadows gather round me fast,
Stand ever valiant at my side.

When fields of pleasure open wide,
'Mind me of upper skies o'ercast,
O Angel dear with me abide.

With holy Grace my soul provide,
While passion strikes and demons blast,
Stand ever valiant at my side.

Ah, pity me if God must chide,
Console me while His trials last,
O Angel dear with me abide.

If doubt assails or men deride,
Show then th' unfailing love thou hast,
Stand ever valiant at my side.

And 'gainst my own o'erweening pride,
Oh! shield me! Lo, I stand aghast.
O Angel dear with me abide,
Stand ever valiant at my side.

RAYMOND H. BACKHUS, '19.

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Vol. V.

CINCINNATI, OHIO, NOVEMBER, 1916.

No. 1.

THE ATHENAEUM'S NEW YEAR.

With the present issue, the Athenaeum begins a new epoch in its career. Hereafter we shall make our appearance bi-monthly. In other words, there will be five issues this year instead of four.

We make this change with the confidence that we shall be able to meet the additional expense involved. We are confident because of the progress which has been made in the past three years, during which time the number of our subscribers has increased and the number of our advertisers has almost doubled.

Interest and co-operation on the part of the students is essential to the success of any college activity, and the Athenaeum feels certain that it will not be denied a share in the interest and co-operation that is being displayed in all branches of student endeavor at St. Xavier this year.

Let's all boost together and make this the best year in the history of the college paper.

THE HOLY NAME PARADE.

Our annual Holy Name parade is often referred to as a mighty demonstration of the Faith that is in our men. That it is such a demonstration no one would deny who witnessed that

tremendous sight at Redland Field on the twenty-second of October when Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament was given to the tens of thousands who were there gathered together.

But the Holy Name rally is something more than a demonstration of faith. It is an act of homage, a recognition of the precept, whose sublimity is rendered more awful as the negligence of the world increases: "The Lord thy God shalt thou adore, and Him only shalt thou serve."

There is consolation in the thought that the marching of those tens of thousands of men throughout the land is an act of adoration and reparation in some degree befitting the majesty of the sovereign God.

AUDACIOUS GUESSING.

A season of political campaigning is always a time of irresponsible declarations and ruthless accusations, and a certain amount of such utterances has come to be tolerated. It seems to us, however, that the most extended limit was passed by a local publication during the past month. The entire front page was devoted to the featuring of an article which pretended to show undue political activity on the part of the clergy of this city and the headlines were written up in the very boldest style. On an inside page, the fact was admitted that the whole article was based on guess-work.

The sensational feature, of course, accomplished its purpose. It was a good advertisement. But such effrontery is certainly beyond the limit which a tolerant public may be expected to allow even for a journal of character as low as the one in question.

OUR VALUE OF LIFE.

Cincinnati had its first great automobile races on Labor Day. It was a great event, and the thrilling exhibitions of speed which were made in the name of sport really have a much deeper significance: they indicate possibilities of high speed in commerce and transportation which thus far can only be dreamed of. Truly, the spirit of our modern civilization is one of time-saving and distance-shortening.

Speaking of civilization reminds us of a tragic incident in connection with the races, which in the excitement of the event

seems to have attracted the least attention. There was an accident on the Speedway in which a driver and his mechanic were injured, the latter very severely. The driver recovered and, we suppose, is ready to take another chance in the teeth of death for supremacy in speed achievement. The mechanic was removed to a city in a neighboring state and died about three weeks later. We venture to say that among the thousands who witnessed the great races on Labor Day very few beheld the passing notice in the daily press of the human life that was sacrificed to the speed-god.

Of course, it is not because we are coming to think less of human life that such a tragic circumstance was thus suppressed; it is just—well, the modern way.

AUTUMN POETRY.

We have noticed with regret a tendency on the part of certain esteemed contemporaries to look upon all poetical effusions on the beauties of autumn with a certain degree of contempt, something like that sentiment which is felt for the early spring sonnet.

We are sorry, and yet not surprised, that this is so. With the coming of futurism in poetry and that strange new thing they call "vers libre," a search for new sources of poetical inspiration was to have been expected. Instead of breathing inspiration from the mists that rise in the glory of the autumn sun and in the enchanted shadow of golden-leaved forests, our poets of the future will rise to their ecstatic heights on the odor of moth-balls and cedar closets, while the exit of the "straw" and the coming of the furs will be the burden of their songs.

Well may the Muses weep! But the way is just being prepared for worse things yet to come. Fireworks and burnt fingers, onions and ragtime have already had their debut. We wonder, where will it end?

A prominent eastern journal has this to say about advertising in magazines that have to do with school and college interests: "Advertisers are only beginning to realize the big opportunity presented by the rapidly growing movement to bring the home and school into closer relationship."

CHRONICLE

Faculty Changes. The announcement of the faculty for the year 1916-1917 showed the usual number of changes. Of those who are missing this year, Father Francis Senn is teaching Sophomore Year at St. John's College, Toledo; Father John Morrissey is Regent of the Engineering School of Detroit University; Father Joseph Wels is doing pastoral work at Mankato, Minnesota, and Mr. William H. McCabe has resumed his studies at St. Louis University.

The faculty for the present year is as follows:

Rev. Francis Heiermann, S. J., President.

Rev. Albert C. Fox, S. J., Vice-President.

The College:

Rev. John F. McCormick, S. J., Philosophy.

Rev. Mark A. Cain, S. J., English and Greek.

Rev. Joseph S. Reiner, S. J., Latin and History.

Rev. Aloysius F. Heitkamp, S. J., Science and Mathematics.

Rev. Herman Wetzell, French.

Dr. Theodore H. Wenning, Biology.

Mr. Henry Willmering, S. J., Biology Laboratory.

The High School:

Rev. Walter G. Cornell, S. J., Physics and Mathematics.

Rev. Eugene J. Daly, S. J., Mathematics.

Mr. Thomas J. Donnelly, S. J., Fourth Year.

Mr. Alphonse Fisher, S. J., Third Year.

Rev. Henry P. Milet, S. J., Second Year.

Mr. William A. Connell, S. J., Second Year.

Rev. Valentine M. Hormes, S. J., First Year.

Rev. William E. Martin, S. J., First Year.

Mr. Peter J. Scherer, S. J., Physical Geography, History and German.

Mr. Henry Willmering, S. J., History and German.

Mr. James E. O'Connell, First Year.

Mass of the Holy Ghost. It is customary to begin the scholastic year with a special Mass in honor of the Holy Ghost to invoke the blessing of the Holy Spirit on the year's work. The Mass this year was celebrated on Wednesday, September 13, with Rev. Valentine Hormes, as celebrant, Rev. Walter Cornell, as deacon, and Mr. Henry Willmering, as sub-deacon. The sermon was preached by Rev. Mark Cain, S. J.

Father Rector's Feast Day. On October 4, the students enjoyed the usual holiday in honor of Rev. Father Rector's patron saint, St. Francis of Assisi.

Lecture by Mr. Felix C. Koch. Instead, however, of the customary exercises in honor of the Rector on the eve of his feast, Father Rector treated the students to an illustrated lecture by the well known feature writer, Mr. Felix C. Koch, on "The Borderland of Mexico." The timely nature of the subject and the vivid portrayal by word and slide of the actual conditions along the border made the lecture particularly interesting and instructive.

Short Story Contest. No less than sixty short stories were submitted in the contest arranged by the Athenaeum. Both prizes were carried off by members of the Sophomore class, Joseph F. McCarthy winning the first, and Gordon Gutting the second. The two prize stories are found in this issue of the Athenaeum.

Course in Physical Culture. The classes in physical culture inaugurated last spring, have been resumed under the efficient direction of Mr. H. H. Hessler. The schedule of class periods has been so arranged as to permit all the high school students to take advantage of this course.

Memorial Mass. The annual Mass for the deceased professors and students of the college took place in the college chapel Tuesday, November 7. Rev. Fr. Rector celebrated the Mass with Rev. Aloysius F. Heitkamp as deacon and Mr. Henry Willmering as sub-deacon. The memorial sermon was preached by Rev. Henry Milet, S. J.

November Assembly. The highest honors in Sophomore class for the November Mid-semester Examination were merited by Joseph F. McCarthy. Elmer J. Trame was the leader in Freshman class. In the High School department the leaders were as follows: Fourth Year, Vincent Latscha; Third Year, Bernard Broering; Second Year A, Edward Overberg; Second Year B, Louis Busemeyer; First Year A, Louis Massa; First Year B, Bernard Wuellner; First Year C, William Buether.

SOCIETIES.

Senior Sodality. The Senior Sodality is again progressing with great activity under the direction of Fr. Joseph Reiner. The various sections, as usual, are doing splendid work. The following officers were selected for the first term: Prefect, Thomas Gallagher; First Assistant, Joseph Welply; Second Assistant, James Poland.

Acolythical Society. A new director of this society appears this year in the person of a former member, Mr. Alphonse Fisher, S. J. At a recent meeting the following officers were selected: Vice-President, Albert Steinkamp; Secretary, Francis Verkamp; Corresponding Secretary, George Dunn; Treasurer, James Poland; Censors, Arthur Nieman, Leo Egbring, Henry Bunker, Edward Roelker.

Philopedian Society. With Father Mark Cain again President of the Philopedian, after a year's absence, another profitable year is expected. Several spirited debates on important issues of the day have already taken place, lively discussions by the house being a pleasant feature. The members showed their appreciation of the ex-

cellent programme arranged for the year by the President, by according him a hearty rising vote of thanks.

The officers elected for the first term are: President, Raymond J. McCoy; Recording Secretary, John E. Reardon; Corresponding Secretary, Earl J. Westerfield; Treasurer, J. Paul Spaeth; Censors, Alfred A. Conway and John H. Frey; Committee on Debates, Joseph A. Welply, F. Gordon Gutting and Thomas Gallagher.

Students' Library. The Students' Library this year is under the direction of Father Milet. An excellent innovation that has met the approval of debate workers especially, is the opening of the library after class in the afternoon. The following are Father Milet's able assistants: Earl Westerfield, Francis Mielech, Leo Oberschmidt, Joseph Kattus, Harold Thorburn, Edwin Boeh and John Danahy.

Junior Sodality. At the initial meeting of the Junior Sodality the following officers were chosen: Prefect, George Lamott; First Assistant, Albert Hoenemeyer; Second Assistant, Tiburtius Maloney; Secretary, George Saffin; Treasurer, George Snider. The sodality, this year, is under the direction of Rev. Henry P. Milet, S. J.

Junior Literary Society. The Junior Literary organized for the year at an early date and has already held several interesting debates. From the ambitious efforts manifested in extemporaneous speaking the Philopedian will receive some valuable additions next year. The officers for the first semester are: Vice- President, Jerome Kiely; Recording Secretary, John Monahan; Corresponding Secretary, Michael Brearton; Treasurer, John Roche; Censors, Thomas Brady and Anthony Reisenberg; Committee on Debates, Vincent Latscha, Harry Feirock and Basil Haneberg.

AVONDALE ACADEMY.

The Faculty. Classes resumed on Tuesday, September 5, with two of last year's professors among the absent ones. Fr. George P. Shanley has been transferred to St. Ignatius College, Chicago, and Mr. Anthony R. Kuenzel has taken up his theological studies at St. Louis University. The faculty for the present year is as follows:

Rev. George A. McGovern, S. J., Prefect of Studies.

Rev. William I. Bundschuh, S. J., Fourth Year.

Mr. Francis X. Peacock, S. J., Third Year.

Rev. Gregory J. Derschug, S. J., Second Year.

Mr. James J. Hannan, S. J., First Year.

Mr. William A. Burns, First Year.

Sodality. On Wednesday, October 11, the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin was reorganized under the spiritual direction of Father Bundschuh. The attendance this year is larger than last and the newcomers are taking a deep interest in all the proceedings. The result of the election of officers was: Howard Clarke, Prefect; Philip Brady, First Assistant; Orlando Frommeier, Second Assistant.

The Library. The usual interest in the library has been considerably augmented by a large addition of new books. More than a hundred volumes have been added recently.

Course in Physical Culture. A course in physical culture has been added to the curriculum under the direction of Mr. H. H. Hessler.

Bowling. As the weather man has been so kind thus far this year, the bowling fever has not had much chance to rise. With the first break of the weather, however, all the enthusiasm which has characterized this sport of recent years will, undoubtedly, be again in evidence.

COLLEGE OF COMMERCE AND JOURNALISM.

On the opening evening, Monday, September 18, Moeller Hall was crowded to its full capacity with a goodly number of those who had returned to continue their studies, and a large enrollment of newcomers, both greeted and welcomed by the cheerful Alumni and members of the Faculty. Judge Nippert entertained and instructed the audience by his recital of German ideals of education and Mr. John E. Fitzpatrick, for years the friend and guide of young men, spoke words of kindly encouragement. Mr. Joseph O'Meara, Professor of Public Speaking; Mr. Alfred H. Brendel, C.P.A., B.C.S., '14, Professor of Accounting; Mr. W. T. Burns, Professor of Book-keeping; Mr. L. J. Blakely, Professor of Journalism; Rev. Jos. Reiner, S. J., Regent of the College; Mr. Ren Mulford and Judge William A. Geoghegan were the other speakers introduced by the President, Rev. Francis Heiermann, S. J. All the speakers manifested the kindest sentiment towards the student body, sentiments so readily understood and appreciated by the young men, that there has grown up between the Faculty and the students a friendly family spirit, which is so pleasant and helpful, even in after life. The speeches enkindled in the hearts of the listeners the spirit of energetic activity and the desire for mental improvement.

The classes opened with good numbers. The Accounting classes are the largest since the beginning of the course. The Journalism course is held on two different evenings. The enrollment of the class of Advertising and Salesmanship is a record-breaker. Supplementary lectures of high quality have been given, on "Store Salesmanship," by Mr. Charles Edgar Wilson, of the Wilson Paint Company, ex-President of the Paint Club of Cincinnati; on "Building Up an Ad," by Mr. Jesse L. Joseph, of the Joseph Advertising Agency, and on "A St. Xavier Ad Student at the World's Ad Convention at Philadelphia," by Mr. George S. Long, of the Globe-Wernicke Co.

The Social League has started the pleasant hum of activities. The election of officers resulted as follows: President, Mr. George W. Budde; Vice-Presidents, Messrs. Ray Folz, Frank Decker, W. C. Kennally, Murray Chamberlain, Albert Gross; Secretary, Mr. Ellard Duane; Treasurer, Mr. C. J. Currus.

The November meeting of the League took place on Friday, November 3. The feature of the evening was a lecture by an old esteemed friend, Mr. Carl Dehoney, of the Western & Southern Insurance Co., on "Fundamentals of Success."

The first number of the Xaverian News, October, 1916, has reached our editorial room. It is newsy and all "Xaverian."

ALUMNI NOTES

Quarterly Meeting.

The **regular quarterly meeting** of the Alumni Association was marked by an unusually large attendance, thanks to the energetic efforts of its enthusiastic Secretary, Mr. Joseph Topmoeller.

The first business of importance was the electing of a **nominating committee** to select candidates for the election of officers in November. Wednesday, November 15, was chosen as the day for the election.

A proposal to give an **alumni play** during the Christmas holidays was defeated on the score that the season was inopportune for such an exhibition. No doubt all the stored-up energy that was ready to expend itself on this play will be devoted to making the annual Washington Birthday celebration even more excellent than usual.

The **annual election of officers** of the Alumni Association took place Wednesday, November 15. The following were elected: President, Michael A. Garrigan; Vice-President, William E. Fox; Honorary Vice-Presidents, John A. McMahon, '40's, Francis H. Cloud, '60's, John M. Blau, '70's, Thomas P. Hart, '80's, Anthony B. Dunlap, '90's, Albert H. Leibold, '00's, Paul K. Moormann, '10's; Secretary, Alfred T. Geisler; Financial Secretary, Harry R. Carroll; Treasurer, Lawrence H. Sebastiani; Historian, T. J. Mulvihill; Executive Committee, John P. Murphy, L. Elmer Conway, William V. Schmiedeke, Edward J. Tracy, Robert Trame, Theodore H. Wenning.

The college is indebted to **Rev. Louis A. Tieman** for a donation of books and periodicals, made at the time of his transfer from St. Rose Church to St. Monica Church.

'49. **Mr. John A. McMahon**, the oldest living graduate of the college, is still practicing law at Dayton, Ohio.

'66. On Wednesday, August 30, at Creighton University, Omaha, **Rev. William T. Kinsella** observed the fiftieth anniversary of his entrance into the Society of Jesus. In deference to the jubilarian's wishes the celebration was a quiet one. The respect in which he is held, however, by the Catholics of Omaha, in whose midst he has spent eighteen years of his life, was manifested by the large numbers who approached the Holy Table at the jubilee Mass in the church connected with the University. For a number of years Father Kinsella was professor of philosophy at St. Louis University and at Creighton University. Of recent years his efforts have been chiefly devoted to the interests of the university library at Omaha.

'70. The nominating committee chosen at the last regular meeting of the Alumni Association paid a well deserved tribute to the loyal and

unflagging zeal of **Mr. Michael Garrigan**, when it put him at the head of both tickets for President of the Association. It is well known that **Mr. Garrigan** never misses a meeting and that he has ever given his whole-hearted and self-sacrificing devotion to the interests of the Association.

'71. Ill health has forced **Rev. Bernard Moeller** to resign his pastorate of St. Mary Church, Cincinnati. After a few weeks' rest, however, he has been able to resume his work as Chancellor of the diocese.

'74. **Rev. Michael Eicher**, who for a number of years taught the Rhetoric class at the college, is once more a member of the faculty, this time as Minister of the house.

'88. The will of the late **Mr. Alphonse S. Wetterer** left the sum of \$10,000 to the college. The only stipulation was that a number of Masses be offered for the repose of his soul.

'90. The recent missions were the means of bringing several Jesuit Alumni to the city. One of them, **Rev. Vincent Siefke, S. J.**, conducted the mission at St. Clare Church, College Hill.

'97. Several of our prominent young alumni are serving under Uncle Sam at the Mexican Border. **Mr. P. Lincoln Mitchell** is in charge of Troop C, Cavalry, of the Ohio National Guard. Serving with him are **Messrs. Frank Gauche, '03, C. Louis Coffin, '04, and Gregor Cloud, '09.**

'98. Denver, Colorado, lost one of its most noted surgeons in the death of **Dr. John W. McNamara**, which took place in that city on September 19.

Rev. Paul L. Blakely, S. J., Associate Editor of "America," has contributed several interesting articles to that publication on the New York "wire-tapping" episode.

'99. Perhaps the most happy feature of the recent Golden Jubilee celebration of St. James Parish, Brooksville, Kentucky, was the presence of three of its sons among the clergy. **Rev. John F. O'Dwyer**, the first son of the parish to be raised to the priesthood, is at present Dean of Frankfort. His brother, **Rev. Joseph A. O'Dwyer, '07**, is stationed at Maysville, Kentucky.

The effects of **Hon. William A. Geoghegan's** commencement address have been more than merely local. Words of praise and inquiries anent the speech have been received from all over the country.

'00. **Rev. Joseph B. Mueller**, for a number of years pastor of St. Louis Church, has been appointed to take charge of the new St. Teresa Parish in Covedale, the new and growing section in the western part of Price Hill.

'03. **Rev. Goswin B. Menge** had the pleasure of having his new church at St. Patrick's, Ohio, dedicated on October 1, before departing for his new mission, Chickasaw, Ohio.

'04. Thanks to the devoted efforts of **Dr. Theodore H. Wenning** the new biological course at the college is proving a great success.

'06. **Mr. Charles O. Bridwell** is permanently located in New York, in the advertising game for Proctor & Gamble.

'07. Two members of this class, **Messrs. James R. Clark** and **Julius J. Uihlein**, recently joined the ranks of the Benedicts.

'08. **Vincent L. Gallagher** is engaged in the insurance business at Columbus, Ohio.

Mr. John A. Clark, who was recently married to Miss Ruth Kalish, is now living in Chicago.

'09. **Mr. Alfred Geisler** is the junior member of Dolle, Taylor, O'Donnell and Geisler, attorneys.

On Wednesday, November 8, **Mr. William B. Schmiedeke** was married to Miss Elma Cecelia Rappold, of Newport, Kentucky.

'10. **Messrs. Joseph F. Rielag** and **Joseph C. Topmoeller** are associates in the practice of law and have their offices together in the Gwynne Building.

Mr. G. Russell Minor is purchasing tea for the J. C. Whitney Co. in Japan, China and the Philippines.

Mr. Horace J. McReynolds is located in Chicago, Illinois.

'11. Chicago is also the home now of **Mr. John B. Blau**, who is in the employ of the Carson-Pirie-Scott Co.

'12. In the athletic events connected with the Knights of Columbus convention last summer at Cedar Point, **Mr. Harry J. Gilligan** was adjudged the best all-round athlete, having received the largest number of points.

Mr. Henry J. Huwe, S. J., at the conclusion of his philosophical studies, was called upon for the arduous mission of British Honduras. In addition to teaching at St. John's College, Belize, he will devote himself to biological work, a study in which he is especially interested.

Mr. William J. Diener, S. J., is a member of the faculty of St. Mary's College, St. Marys, Kansas.

Rev. Edward J. Quinn, who was ordained in Rome last June and celebrated his first Solemn High Mass at St. Edward Church in July, is now located at St. Raphael Church, Springfield.

'16. Of the twenty-one graduates who left St. Xavier last June the majority have matriculated in various professional schools to equip themselves for the special avocations they have chosen. Several have selected definite business careers, while a few are but temporarily engaged in the pursuits they are now following.

Mr. Frank J. Alban is devoting the business energies that characterized him while at college, to increasing the sales of the Moore Oil Co.

Mr. Adolph J. Ante is in the employ of the Telephone Company at Columbus, Ohio.

Mr. Henry H. Bramlage is connected with the C. & O. Railroad.

Mr. Joseph W. Brockman, after completing a special business course, has about completed plans for a business venture which will soon become a reality.

Messrs. Albert D. Cash, Arthur R. Frey, Robert C. Kelly and Lawrence Steltenpohl are attending the Cincinnati Law School.

The banking business is to profit by the abilities of **Eugene V. Cloud** and **Joseph F. Cloud**. The former is connected with the Fifth- Third National Bank and the latter with the First National.

Mr. Francis B. Decker has also chosen banking as his career. He is with the First National Bank of Covington and attending the St. Xavier College of Commerce.

Mr. Joseph A. Emmett is engaged in business with his father.

Mr. John L. McCabe also saw the advantages of supplementing his classical education with a business course. While engaged in the political game at present, he has prospects in view which have not fully developed as yet.

Mr. John P. Reeves has his eye on a pedagogue's chair in the vicinity of his native heath. At present he is engaged in business in Sanford Town.

Fr. Gressle has an active and able assistant in his social work in the person of **Mr. John J. Meyer**.

The inseparable **Sebastiani** brothers are attending Marquette University. "Steve" has taken up Medicine, while "Joe" is enrolled in the Engineering department.

Mr. Robert F. Uihlein is learning the fine points of the steel business in his father's office.

Mr. Alphonse R. Von der Ahe is a student at the Ohio-Miami Medical College.

Mr. Leo C. Walter, attracted by the wide vistas for study laid open by his course in philosophy, is privately pursuing studies in this fertile field.

Not to be outdone by his battery mate, **Mr. G. Milton Wurzelbacher** has also taken up the study of engineering in foreign fields. He is a student at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology at Boston.

Ex. '17. Ten members of the class of 1917 have entered Mt. St. Mary's Seminary. They are: **Messrs. William Connolly, Joseph Deimling, Edward Gilbert, William Heitker, Otto Herrmann, Francis Iding, Carl Lamott, Ralph Moormann, Roger Straub and Edward Summe.**

On September 11, **Mr. Eugene Shiels** entered the Society of Jesus at Florissant, Missouri.

Ex. '18. **Mr. Raymond Brown** is also a student at Mt. St. Mary's Seminary.

JOSEPH F. MCCARTHY, '18.

IN MEMORIAM.

The Association mourns the loss of three of its prominent members among the clergy.

'82. At Milwaukee, on Tuesday, October 17, **Rev. Aloysius Bosche, S. J.**, who was one of the oldest living graduates of the college, departed this life. Fr. Bosche's long life of more than fifty years in the Society of Jesus, was spent chiefly in teaching and missionary work. He was born in this city, February 25, 1845, was graduated from St. Xavier College and entered the Society of Jesus in 1852. At the time of his death he was one of the pastors of the Gesu, the Jesuit church in Milwaukee.

'82. **Rev. Adolphe F. Sourd**, until last April, pastor of St. Patrick Church, Bellefontaine, Ohio, died at Gallion on October 7. Father Sourd pursued his studies at Mt. St. Mary Seminary, Baltimore. He was ordained in the Covington Cathedral, December 24, 1885, by the late Bishop Maes. He was a zealous and devoted worker in the various parishes in which he was stationed.

'98. The Archdiocese of Cincinnati suffered a severe loss in the death of **Rev. Martin A. Higgins**, who died September 24. After his philosophical and theological studies at Mt. St. Mary Seminary, Father Higgins was ordained by Archbishop Elder in June 1902. His first appointment was as assistant pastor of St. Edward Church, Cincinnati. Later he had the same charge at St. Joseph Church, Dayton, and then for eleven years was pastor of St. Columbkille Church, Wilmington. It was his strenuous work here that undermined his health. After planning, collecting most of the necessary funds and letting the contracts for the beautiful church now being erected in that town, he was forced by failing health to give up the work and last summer was appointed chaplain of the Mother House of the Sisters of Charity at Mt. St. Joseph-on-the-Ohio. His work in the ministry breathed the spirit of the Master he served.

The invitation to the annual Mass for deceased professors and students mentioned the following names:

Died 1915-1916.

Rev. Charles J. Bill, S. J.

Rev. Aloysius Bosche, S. J.

Rev. Hugh J. Erley, S. J.

Rev. James T. Finn, S. J.

Rev. William J. Harrington, S. J.

Rev. John B. Hemann, S. J.

Rev. Martin A. Higgins.

Rev. Francis X. Kuppens, S. J.

Rev. Henry Moeller, S. J.

Rev. Gregory O'Kelly, S. J.

Rev. John S. Ragor, S. J.

Rev. Adolphe Sourd.

Brother John Kraus, S. J.

Edgar A. Brown.

Denis F. Cash.

Henry J. Gosiger.

William Gustin.

Louis A. Scott.

Alphonse Wetterer.

R. I. P.

ATHLETICS

ATHLETICS.

Officers of Association. On October 15, more than two hundred students had enrolled themselves as members of the Athletic Association.

Third Year won the prize for the largest membership in the Association. A few days later class delegates assembled to elect officers for the year. The election resulted as follows: President, Thomas A. Gallagher; Vice-President, William Luttmr; Secretary, Al. Conway; Treasurer, John Frey.

FOOTBALL.

College Team. For the first time in three years St. Xavier is again represented on the gridiron with a college team. The call for candidates was responded to by more than thirty stalwarts, all determined to make the football revival a successful one. "Bill" Luttmr, with his experience at Campion, Leonard Breiding, with his Holy Cross training, and Al Conway were expected to form the nucleus of the new team, and with Monahan, Kiely, King, Brady, Weimer, Reickelman, Brockman, Byrne and Collins, graduates of our last year's High School and Academy teams, prospects looked extremely good from the very start. The rapid development of John Frey at quarter made the success of the team a surety.

The Captain and Manager. Shortly before the first game "Bill" Luttmr was elected Captain. Early in the season Tom Gallagher had been appointed Manager.

Xavier vs. Ohio Military. For the first game of the season, Thursday, October 5, the team journeyed to College Hill to line up against Ohio Military Institute. The cadets have always been a hard proposition for the Blue and White, but the fast and spectacular playing of the college eleven was too much for them this time. If it were not for the extreme heat and the short quarters the score would have been much larger. Luttmr, Monahan and Reickelman put over the touchdowns. Breiding put up a great game at full-back, as did also Conway at end.

Score by periods:	1	2	3	4
Xavier	0	6	6	7 — 19
O. M. I.	0	0	0	0 — 0

Xavier vs. Wilmington. In its first game on the home grounds, Saturday, October 12, Xavier lined up against real college material. Wilmington came to town with a line and back-field that far outweighed the Blue and White, and with two fast ends who make a habit of carrying off prizes in track meets up state. The combination made a formidable aggregation. Xavier started in fast and furious and after two minutes of play Monahan executed one of his famous end runs and dashed thirty-five yards for a touchdown. Then Wilmington's weight got busy and Carr shoved the ball over the goal. In the second period Frey ran thirty-five yards and then five more for a goal. In the last quarter Luttmer ran through the Quaker defense for seventy-five yards and a goal. Rieckelman, Conway and King broke up Wilmington's aspirations with pleasing frequency. Mitchell, another scion of that famous football stock, appeared for the first time with Xavier. His work on the line, his tackling and interference were all spectacular. The score does not give Xavier full credit. Monahan ran seventy-five yards for a goal but a penalty called the ball back. Frey intercepted a forward and raced over the goal line but the time-keeper's whistle had blown for the end of the half. The line-up:

Xavier.	Position.	Wilmington.
Conway	L. E.	Boaning
Kattus	L. T.	Carter
King	L. G.	Mounts
Weimer	C.	Wood
Steinkamp	R. G.	Piel
Mitchell	R. T.	Smith
Rieckelman	R. E.	Larkin
Frey	Q. B.	Shaw
Monahan	L. H.	McMillan
Luttmer	R. H.	Cartwright
Brady	F. B.	Carr

Score by periods:	1	2	3	4
Xavier	6	7	0	7 — 20
Wilmington	6	0	0	6 — 12

Referee—Welsh. Umpire—Gilligan. Head Linesman—Neil Brady. Substitutions—Breiding for Brady, Brockman for Breiding, Kiely for Luttmer, Kerr for Carr, Mussinger for Piel.

Xavier vs. U. C. Freshmen. Crippled by the absence of three star regulars, Luttmer, Breiding and Conway, the team lined up against the University of Cincinnati Freshman huskies at Avondale, Friday, October 27. Xavier lacked weight and had great difficulty at first in stopping the Freshman's rush of beef. But they soon acclimated themselves, King and Mitchell especially starring on the defensive. Rieckelman and Monahan were the stars in open field work,

the latter especially in several long runs, one for thirty-five yards and a touchdown. The line-up:

Xavier.	Position.	U. C. Freshman.
McGarry.....	R. E.	Mathews
Mitchell.....	R. T.	Darby
King.....	R. G.	R. Hucce
Weimer.....	C.	L. Hall
Twomey.....	L. G.	Somerfield
Kattus.....	L. T.	Hopkins
Frey.....	L. E.	De Witt
Byrne.....	Q. B.	T. Hall
Brockman.....	L. H.	Ehrmann
Brady.....	F. B.	Smith
Rieckelman.....	R. H.	Loehman

Substitutions—St. Xavier: Monahan for McGarry, Gausepohl for Weimer, Gellenbeck for Frey, Frey for Byrne, Kiely for Twomey; U. C.: Copious. Referee—Welsh. Umpire. Gilligan. Head Linesman—Alston.

Score by periods:	1	2	3	4
Xavier	7	0	0	0 — 7
U. C. Freshman.....	0	0	0	0 — 0

Xavier vs. The following account is taken almost verbatim from the Commercial-Tribune of November 5:

THRILLER TO SAINTS.

KENTUCKY MILITARY LOSES HARD-FOUGHT CONTEST TO
XAVIER ELEVEN—SPECTACULAR PLAYS—
SCORE 13 TO 9.

St. Xavier College eleven continued on its triumphal march yesterday, the latest victim being the fast Kentucky Military eleven of Lydon, near Louisville, Ky. The Blue Grass warriors were forced to lower their colors when the Saints savagely tore into them in the third and final quarters for two touchdowns and a field goal, making the final count St. Xavier 13, Kentucky Military 9.

The score might have been even larger, as a touchdown made by one of the Xavier boys in the first quarter could not be counted, the ball having been declared dead by the referee.

The game was fast and snappy and full of spectacular plays, both sides fighting from whistle to whistle. The Blue Grass warriors were especially great on the offense and interference, and time after time made gains by virtue of their superb interference. In this respect they had but little on the Saints, who also profited greatly by this kind of play.

Kentucky Scores.

Kentucky Military lads were the first to score and Left Half Skidmore put the finishing touch to some clever line plunging by the Blue Grass team by carrying the pigskin safely behind the goal of the Saints for a touchdown. Right End Thorton concluded the quarter by a clever goal kick for the visitors.

Neither side did any damage in the second quarter, but the Saints went into the third with that "do-or-die spirit," and as a result tied the score.

It was Kentucky's ball and they attempted a boot, but the Saint line knocked it down and Left Tackle Kattus picked up the pigskin and, aided by some clever interference by Mitchell, brother of the famous Ledyard Mitchell of Yale, made a great seventy-five yard run for a touchdown. Frey then kicked goal. In this quarter a poor pass to Mitchell resulted in a safety for K. M. I.

A noticeable brace took place on the Kentuckian's line in the final quarter, but the Saints were not to be denied, and Quarter Back Frey intercepted a great forward pass on the Saints' twenty-yard line and although the entire Blue Grass eleven attempted to head him off made a wonderful run of one hundred yards and scored the final touchdown of the game and won the contest for the Saints.

Brilliant Performers.

Skidmore, M. Ward, Harbin and Thornton performed brilliantly for the Blue Grass team, while Frey, Luttmner, Mitchell, Monahan and Rieckelman played spectacular football for the Saints.

Bill Luttmner, just recovered from an injured jaw, was in the game to prove the spirit of the college eleven, which is "play your best for the honor of the college."

The military boys need feel no disgrace in their defeat, as the Saints are stopping them all. The Kentucky representatives play a fine game and are opponents worthy of the steel of any first-class eleven. The beautiful weather brought out a very large crowd. The line-up and summary:

Kentucky Military.	Position.	Xavier.
Grichum	L. E.	Conway
M. Ward.....	L. T.	Kattus
Hemphill.....	L. G.	King
Bauer (Capt.).....	C.	Collins
Taylor.....	R. G.	Bowman
Brown.....	R. T.	O'Connell
Thornton.....	R. E.	Rieckelman
Dixon.....	Q. B.	Frey
Skidmore.....	L. H.	Monahan
Resch.....	R. H.	Luttmner
Harbin.....	F. B.	Mitchell

Score by periods:	1	2	3	4
Kentucky Military	7	0	2	0 — 9
Xavier	0	0	7	6 — 13

Referee—Welch. Umpire—Gilligan. Head Linesman—Neil Brady. Time of Quarters—Ten minutes. Touchdowns—Kattus, Frey, Skidmore. Goal from Touchdowns—Frey, Thornton. Substitutions—St. Xavier: McCarthy for Conway, Gausepohl for Collins, Weimer for Gausepohl, Gellenbeck for O'Connell, Brockman for Gellenbeck.

On November 15, the team journeyed to **Wilmington** and again defeated that aggregation. Score: Xavier 9, Wilmington 6.

EXCHANGES

The following are but a few of the compliments and friendly criticisms given the *Athenaeum* in recent issues of our exchanges:

The April issue of **The Athenaeum** has been read with due appreciation. A photograph of the Rt. Rev. Edward Fenwick, D. D., the first bishop of Cincinnati and later founder of St. Xavier's College, appears as the frontispiece. A beautiful ode and retrospective essay dedicated to his lordship immediately follows. "Shakespeare, the Artist," is a brief article ably handled, showing the bard's familiarity and grasp of human nature and the soul. Conscience is the main point expatiated on. "The Pearl Necklace" is a pleasing story, amusing towards the end, when Brown is caught with the goods by Nell Bailey, the supposed daughter of the millionaire. Nell "beats the robber to" the necklace. "Testing the Steel," with its dramatic climax, held our undivided attention to the last. The editorials, treating of current topics, contain much sound thought. The other departments are in keeping with the high standard of this issue. All in all, the **Athenaeum** is a first class journal; we only wish it would come oftener.

The ABBEY STUDENT, Atchison, Kas.

The neat outward appearance of the **Athenaeum** invites perusal of its contents. Bishop Fenwick is the inspiration of an ode and a biographical sketch. "Testing the Steel" is built upon a rather thread-bare plot. "Shakespeare, an Artist," is another pleasing article. An Alumnus writes in a simple, concise way of the hardships and struggles endured by the founders of St. Xavier's. No little pleasure accompanied our reading of the eloquent and masterly address on "Washington"; it ought to be a source of pride to its author. "Victory" and "To Shakespeare" are poems of easy, flowing melody. We have noticed that three or four young men are about the only contributors to the magazine. It cannot be that of all the students enrolled at St. Xavier's, these few are the only gifted ones.

The GONZAGA, Spokane, Wash.

There is one feature about **The Xavier Athenaeum** which is to be highly commended and that is that the editors never fail to supply a few opportune editorials. In the April number four appear, each one discussing a pertinent question of the day in a most logical manner. In step with all the college periodicals the memory of Shakespeare is honored by a sprig of poesy and an essay entitled: "Shakespeare, an Artist." The writer rightfully portrays the poet of Avon as the great master of literary art and to sustain his contention puts forth many salient arguments blended with beautiful lines selected from the various works.

NIAGARA INDEX, Niagara University, Niagara, N. Y.

The July number of the **Xavier Athenaeum** with its ebullient literary department seemed to plead for a review. We, of course, eagerly comply to show our appreciation of such a worthy caller.

The initial poem betrays the writer's circumspective and philosophical turn of mind. In the address on "Christian Citizenship" we are shown how "the world today, is wedded to a materialistic view of life," and are correctly reminded that "internal disorders, class strife, decay of honesty and morality are more potent forces for the destruction of a state than the armies of an invader." "Shelley and Wordsworth" is a comparison more comprehensive and charmingly made than we expected. The arguments in "The Swiss Military System" are so cogent and clinching, and the style of the debate so prepossessing that it was well worth the medal. We would give unreserved praise to the writer of the short story "Mr. Percival" had it not been for the introduction of one or the other scarcely probable circumstances. The good plot, the stirring narrations, and the humorous solution, held our attention captive from beginning to end. The many verses entitled "Flowers From Mary's Shrine" deserve special mention.

The editorials, in fact all the departments, are of a high standard. A little wit and humor would not, however, be out of place in such a serious and well-balanced paper as yours. Wishing you a prosperous year, we ask you to call again.

The PACIFIC STAR, St. Benedict, Oregon.

We found the July number of the **Athenaeum** on our desk when we returned from vacation. It is indeed a welcome caller. A neatly set up magazine—with stories, poems, treatises in admirable proportion—it won us immediately.

Its one short story was written in a breezy, snappy style, that suited the plot superbly. The interesting comparison of Wordsworth and Shelley, thought not remarkable acute, set these two—each the King of his own class—in a light fairly unique. The other essays, thought more exhaustive, succeeded in holding our attention to the last. We were particularly pleased with the poetry, which consisted of some productions of high standard, and others of simpler, yet none the less enchanting verse, under the name of "Flowers from Mary's Shrine." Of the former, the Class Poem commanded our attention, while, as to the latter, we were inclined to give the laurel to the piece called "The Assumption."

The REDWOOD, Santa Clara, Cal.

We wish to gratefully acknowledge the faithful arrival during the past year of the following appreciated exchanges: Abbey Student, Champion, Collegian, College Spokesman, Creighton Chronicle, Creighton Courier, Dial, De Paul Minerval, University of Detroit Magazine, Echoes, Exponent, Fleur de Lis, Fordham Monthly, Georgetown Journal, Gonzaga, Helianthos, Holy Cross Purple, Labarum, Loretine; Loretto Magazine, Loyola University Magazine, Lumina, Mountaineer, Nardin Quarterly, Niagara Index, Pacific Star, Profile, Purple and Gray, Redwood, Sacred Heart Echoes, Solanian, Springhillian, St. Angela's Echo, St. Mary's Messenger, St. Mary's Sentinel, St. Peter's College Journal, St. Vincent College Journal, Young Eagle, Xavierian News.